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The University Journal

PRAESTANTIA NON SINE LABORE.

VOL. 3

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 20, 1906.

No. 22

The Tuskegee Anniversary

At one o'clock on Thursday of last week the regular class room work gave way to the lecture on the Tuskegee Anniversary by President Fairfield, who—among the long list of famous men in finance, in politics and in education, who attended the conference—was present as the representative of Howard.

The anniversary at Tuskegee we were told was the greatest gathering ever held on the American continent. Not only was it great because of the men who attended it but because of the wide significance of such a gathering. Every detail of that great undertaking had been most carefully planned, and was successfully carried out. Of all the participants on the program, extending over three days, not one failed to appear and to interest, delight and inspire the great concourse of people who had come from all parts of the country, with the single exception of Hon. Seth Low, but his paper was there, which he sent after it was absolutely impossible for him to be present.

Andrew Carnegie was there, most enthusiastic and bright-faced of all, and it was said that the smile which spread across his face from the beginning to the end of his stay at Tuskegee, must have meant at least a million for Dr. Washington. The great iron king was said to have related a conversation in which he and other celebrities were engaged enroute to Tuskegee. The question arose as to who was the greatest man in history. Napoleon and others were suggested, but to Andrew Carnegie the name of Booker T. Washington appealed, as being the greatest.

There were six graduates of Tuskegee skillfully interspersed on the program, and every one acquitted himself well, and created a marked impression upon the audience. The most dramatic incident of all, was when the name of Garrison was spoken and the fact that the son of the great abolitionist was present was made known. Such applause swelled upon the air as could not be quieted till William Lloyd Garrison rose, walked forward and addressed the enthusiastic assembly.

There was so much said about the races that it bordered close upon monotony and especially to President Fairfield who wished to agree with Garrison, in the expression of his belief in the human family, for after all the so-called races have so much in common.

The academic work at Tuskegee is of course overshadowed by the industrial. Many students work during the day and both study and recite in the evening, others spend three days in the class room and three in the shops, on the farm or in some other industrial pursuit. Having stated to us the great work of Tuskegee, President Fairfield closed the very interesting and instructive lecture with the assertion that we have no quarrel with industrial education, but we have a quarrel and shall continue to have a quarrel with all that tends to limit education.

Greatest Disasters of History

Pompeii and Herculaneum destroyed by eruption of Mount Vesuvius; A.D. 79; more than 2,000 lost. Earthquake in Constantinople,

thousands killed; 557.

Catania, Sicily, 15,000 killed by earthquake; 1137.

Syria, 20,000 killed by earthquake; 1158.

Cilicia, 20,000 killed by earthquake; 1268.

Palermo, earthquake, 6,000 lost; 1726.

Canton, China, 100,000 lost by earthquake; November 30, 1731.

Kuchan, North Persia, 40,000 lost, earthquake; 1755.

Lisbon, city ruined, earthquake 25,000 killed; November, 1755.

Aleppo, destroyed by earthquake, thousands killed; 1822.

Canton, earthquake, 6,000 lost; May 27, 1830.

Calabria, earthquake, 10,000 lost; 1857.

Island of Krakatoa, volcanic eruption, 36,380 lives lost; May 27, 1883.

Isle of Ischia, earthquake, 2,000 lost; 1883.

Eruption of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, 79 killed; 1880.

Charleston, S. C., earthquake, 41 lives lost; August 30, 1886.

Bandalsan, volcanic eruption, 1,000 killed; July, 1888.

Island of Hondo, Japan, earthquake 10,000 killed; October, 1891.

Venezuela, earthquake, 3,000 killed; April 24, 1894.

Guatemala, earthquake, loss of life not yet ascertained; April, 1902.

St. Pierre, Martinique, May, 1902; loss of life 40,000.

Vesuvian towns destroyed by eruption of volcano, April, 1906; 400 killed.

San Francisco, April 18, 1906, earthquake, followed by fire; 700 killed, 1,000 injured.

With all of the peace, prosperity and happiness which seem to smile
(Continued on third page.)

The University Journal

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Students and Alumni of the University are invited to contribute.

Washington, D. C., April 20, 1906.

Howard

The things seem to go against her this year, in football, in debate, otherwise, tho some rejoice at what they hope is a down fall, a descent from her lofty position, tho others despair what seems to be a series of defeats marked against her, there is no need of uninterest or despondency for those who are loyal to her colors, "the blue and white" of Howard.

A chain of victories, unbroken for a decade, is her work of the past. What matters it? Can we not afford to lose some victories? The loss of victory is not always defeat. The vanquished is often the more valiant, and the one overcome the stronger. To such it is especially true that the loss of victory is not defeat.

Howard will yet redeem herself, and gloriously, if her detractors and denolers would have it that she

needs redemption. She will yet rise in her mighty powers and coolly wrench from her now rejoicing victors the last semblance of the laurel of victory, and again mark out a line of victories unbroken for decades by the tireless efforts of her opponents. No one should hope to win always. No one should expect it. That would be to take all of the zest out of the contest, and rob sweet victory of its savor. And so it is that the staunch, the obervant, the loyal and true, look not with discouragement upon the misfortunes of 1905-'06. They know that Howard can win, and that Howard will win not in one line, but will continue to have her share of victories in all lines, and they only await the reward of the renewed effort of the future.

The Catalogue

We heartily concur with the "Well Wisher" who so favorably commented upon the new catalogue in the letter printed last week. From the cover, in blue with white letters, to the last page there is suggestiveness coupled with economy and neatness, and while in size the catalogue will grow as occasion demands, the design and arrangement of matter will remain as this year's contribution.

Spring

As the end of the year approaches, and the trees begin to bud, to blossom and put on their summer verdure, and that listless feeling called spring fever creeps over us, and we find an uncontrollable aversion to study and other things gainful, a thought is needed of the fact that time lost in spring is as precious as that lost in winter, and we cannot begin too soon to enjoy our summer vacation.

The Blue Ribbon Magazine

The Blue Ribbon Magazine has eclipsed itself in the Easter number, which came out this week. The high standard of the journalism can

not be too highly praised, and the magazine is too well known for lengthy comment.

Lynchings

A question of such scope, touching the very life of our nation, that of lynching, may seem of untimely comment here, but when such heinous atrocities abound and the news of such as recently took place in Springfield, Mo., continue to come to our ears, any comment which may be the instrumentality whereby the least significant is brought to the realization of the real meaning of such lawlessness, is highly proper wherever it is. We shudder when we think of it. Human beings, innocent, by all means, hanged and burned. Shooting does not suffice, hanging is not enough, burning at the stake must be surpassed, man must vie with man in the torture inflicted upon the innocent, and so the victim of the beastly mob is forced to mount some high place, the loop is placed about his neck, the angry flames kindled beneath in the line of support afford him his last light; he is forced to jump, and soon, with neck already broken, even in death the scene is not ended, for the victim must burn, must sizzle; must be drawn into contortions; must be charred. And for what? Merely to delight the frenzied spectators. The pages of history reveal no more ghastly picture than this. What can we do? We can at least think of it. Thought has accomplished all things.

The students in an eastern college thought of the massacres in Russia. They drew up a petition and a copy was sent to every college of note in the United States to be signed by students. Surely the students in our colleges and universities could do as much in their endeavor to stop crimes more hideous right at home in America.

An electric motor not much bigger than your fist can do more work than a windmill that can be seen two miles.

Greatest Disasters of History

(Continued from first page.)

upon us, the present month will be counted among the most disastrous in all history. For several days we have read with horror, amazement and sympathy of the great disaster of Mount Vesuvius, but nearer home now do we feel the significance of suffering as we read the sad story of San Francisco's almost total destruction. The imagination shrinks in horror as we think of the awfulness of the calamity.

It will be a long time before the real story of the San Francisco earthquake and fire is completely written, and possibly it will never be, but already the disaster has attained such colossal proportions as to cause it to be placed among the greatest in the history of the world.

The San Francisco disaster of Wednesday, has been described as: "An inferno of flames, bursting out in various parts of the city, rendered incalculably more terrible by the repeated quaking of the earth, by which the rescuers were momentarily in danger of being buried with the dead. With the very earth treacherous and the usual ocean breeze hauling around to a point where it became a deadly agent of destruction, there was added to the general dismay the constant roar of explosions of dynamite and a pall of smoke that blotted out the sky." In such surroundings hearts full of heroism held on to the last. The faithful operator at the telegraphic keys stood tremulously imparting the sad story to the world. As the receivers stood at the other end, in New York and elsewhere, they could almost feel the approach of death upon their sources of information as the ticks became irregular and finally the last faint "good bye," was recognized. The means of communication was gone and the inhabitants of the rich and proud city on the Pacific were left with the flames.

The country sends up a prayer

for the suffering, and streams of sympathy pour out from every source, that the great and beautiful city may yet be spared and the suffering soon brought to an end.

Probable Causes

The causes of such a disaster cannot be definitely determined. Possibly some unknown cause may lie at the bottom of both the eruption of Vesuvius and this destructive earthquake at San Francisco. But the better opinion is that there is nothing in common between these two save the matter of time.

This is the opinion of Charles D. Walcott, who claims further that to wholly different physical and scientific phenomena, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions must be attributed. "Great earthquakes are never caused by volcanoes, but by faulting plains," says Mr. Walcott, and other scientists agree that the present disturbance (in San Francisco) is caused by conditions identical with those obtaining during the earthquake which demolished Charleston in 1886. The generally accepted cause of earthquakes is the "contraction of the earth," which is still a molten mass on the interior, and gradually cooling. Contraction is always the immediate effect of cooling, except in some very rare cases, and this contraction must inevitably cause some disturbance because of the resistance of the now hardened surface of the earth.

There is another theory advanced by scientists concerning this last great disaster. It is said that the change or giving away of the certain portion of the earth's surface might be due to sedimentary deposits borne down by rivers such as in Mississippi Valley. Such deposit is of indefinite weight and if it is washed down from higher portions and deposited upon a thin shell portion of the earth this must of necessity give way and sink under its incalculable weight.

The Atonement

The rendition on Wednesday

evening of the "Atonement" the master-piece of the great composer, by the S. Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society which bears his name, surpassed even the high anticipation with which it had been looked to.

Messrs. Harry T. Burleigh and Sidney Woodward, Misses Rovelto, Lottie Wallace and Lola Johnson, the soloists were exceptionally good and never failed to delight the large audience which filled the First Congregational Church.

Among the large representation from Howard, were seen by the Journal reporter:

President and Mrs. Fairfield.
Dean and Mrs. Clark.
Dean and Mrs. Cook.
Professor and Mrs. C. C. Cook.
Dr. McNeal and Miss Jones.
Mr. Watson and Miss Kenedy.
Mr. Tate and Miss Powell.
Mr. M. A. Morrison and Miss Weeden.
Mr. Mc Murray and Miss Blake.
Mr. Vanderhorst and Miss Coleman.
Mr. H. I. Scott and Miss Harden.
Mr. C. E. Smith and Miss Flagg.
Mr. Cowan and Miss Bowyer.
Mr. Pettis and Miss Burl.
Mr. Milton and Miss Slowe.
Mr. F. E. Miller and Miss White.
Mr. F. H. Miller and Miss Jones.
Mr. Wright and Miss Underwood.
Mr. Brown and Miss Houston.
Mr. Beamon and Miss Kilbreth.
Mr. Cherry and Miss Woodson.
Mr. Titus and Miss Brown.
Dean Moore.
Mr. Decatur.
Mr. Dyson.
Mr. Randolph.
Mr. H. Reginald Smith.
Mr. Cook.
Mr. Kyle.
Mr. Oliver Morrison.
Miss Bessie Cook.
Miss Anderson.
Miss Childers.
Miss Mae Hall.
Miss McNeal.

Strenuous Life at Howard

Campus and class-room, field and forum, these are the scenes and places which occupy the bodies and minds of the men who sustain the honor of the great Eastern universities. From these sources they develop the great men in the world of college though and in the world

of college action. We look to these for our models of college journalism and for the perfection in college athletics; they produce the magazine writers and track runners, the stars of the gridiron and the forum. Then the college world in these universities has other sides; they have their secret societies and religious and various movements. In fact the college world is but a miniature counterpart of the real world. Here at Howard we have all these sides of college to develop and maintain and one more—that of maintaining ourselves while in school—the side which has to do with our attire and avoirdupois, to say the least. Many times do we see the twirler on our baseball team doing track work as he makes a hot pace to his evening work after striking out a half dozen men in the afternoon game. The game over at five, he reports to work at five-twenty, while some strenuous men around Howard have been known, so it is said—I will not vouch for the statement—to finish a game at five-thirty and on account of the difference (?) of time to report for duty at five-twenty.

The debater, too, practices both while going to and coming from his work, morning and evening. There may be seen around here many a fellow who has a high standing in class-room work, an excellent record in athletics, an enviable reputation in the literary society, and who at the same time is holding a job and giving satisfaction to his employer. These are the men who sustain the honor of our school in field and forum, the men who take up Y. M. C. A. work, and they are often handicapped with chores.

From these fellows is it hard to conceive why there come successful men in the world? Men who as students have taken care of the honor of the Blue and White amid such environment and under such circumstances develop strong bodies and strong minds and go into the world with ready hands to do, and active minds to direct. You

will see them in after years prominent in church, in affairs, in business, and with the same ardor they entered into many sided school life they go out our the world and enter the arena fighting, now the economical, now the social, now the political battle of the world.

Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. of Howard University will hold an important meeting Sunday, April 22, at 6:15 p. m. There will be the installation of officers for ensuing year, interesting reports from some of retiring officers, important announcements and remarks from some of the newly installed officers. All young men are earnestly urged to be present.

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Education

If the purpose of education be to fit the human mind for the reception of mere historical data of what ever form, to store up, as it were, a kind of intellectual granary, we ought not to question the moral actions of educated people. They may accept the scientific discoveries of the ages and yet go out to a blind superstition of nature worship as their pagan ancestors. It is just a day or two ago that during my visitations, a tribute was paid to the thy evil god of the earth—call him Abrimon or Zoroaster if you please. Among other things to be guarded against, I was told of a strange creed, "Never hang up your shoes higher than your head" for death will be the penalty for that crime.

They may accept the literary inheritance of generations and never appropriate it or appreciate the motive and spirit that actuated the lives of the great writers of the past; they may accept the religious experience of the race, they may see the day which even "Abraham longed to see" and yet be selfish, uncharitable and impious. Man has lost his individuality, he is passive, an automaton, moved and swayed by external force.

But because the purpose of education is to liberate man, to bring him into conscious possession of the experience of the race, that he may make it a part of his own life, and with it regulate his thought and conduct to the highest good; if sickness be his lot or even death, there must be no fear; no propitiation of some unknown avenging divinity, but he should turn to God, who though He suffers affliction to come upon us, is a Father still, and will sanctify His correction to us. But further, this religious inheritance, the greatest end in education is to fill us all with the spirit of mutual forbearance and Christian love. But alas! it is sad that we find among us ignorant unchristian sentiment that does discriminate on grounds other than

character and personal worth. This is running counter to the very spirit of the religion we profess.

It is in ultimate analysis a superstitious worship of some pagan god or goddess of "light" or "darkness". Prejudice and superstition are twin sisters. Let us banish both by a resolute determination to apply, as occasion arises, the highest standard of Christian education.

Let us dissolve forcibly or by mutual consent all partnership in injustice discrimination and lay, such a foundation for right standards of judgment that our associations will be based on character, the upbuilding of which is after all the main end of education.

Our Best

A man's "best" is a wise averaging of his powers. It is true that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. But it is also true that we must learn to let well enough alone. It is not merely specific and individual duties that are worth doing well, but it is the whole of life itself. This grand total of result is to be acquired as much by judicious letting alone as by taking up. It would be quite possible for an editor to strengthen his article, a minister to polish his sermon, a housewife to add grace to the arrangement of a room, or a farmer to glean a fuller harvest, were it not that a score of manuscripts were awaiting the editor's judgment, a sick parishioner were demanding the presence of the minister, a pudding were scorching in the housewife's oven, or the weeds and the neighbor's chickens were overrunning the farmer's garden. The best way to do all things is not to do some things. The best way to do some things is not to do all things. What is worth doing, is worth doing well; but it is the part of wisdom to know just when well doing means letting well enough alone to take up something else, and when it means letting that something else go altogether.—Exchange.

Meeting of Athletic Association on Monday in Rankin chapel at 12:30.

WIT AND FUN

Lawyer—Were you present when trouble began between prisoner and his wife?

Witness—Yes sir. It was two years ago.

Lawyer—What happened then?

Witness—I attended their wedding.

Visiting Philanthropist—Good morning, madame; I am collecting for the Drunkards' Home.

Mrs. McGuire—Share, I'm glad of it, sor—if you come round to-night yez can take my husband.

Mr. Chunk—I wish these newspapers would be a little more explicit in their publication of the news. Here it says that old Totterly, who has been under the care of three physicians for a fortnight, is nog out of danger.

Mrs. Chunk—Why, surely that is plain enough.

Mr. Chunk—It is? How is the uninitiated reader to know whether the invalid is on the high road to recovery or dead and out of reach of the doctors?

Singleton—The only relations I have are distant.

Weddinly—Huh! You're in luck. All mine are near enough to visit me.

Conjugation of the word "Buss,"
"to kiss"

Buss—to kiss.

Rebus—to kiss again.

Pluribus—to kiss many times.

Syllabus—to kiss a homely girl.

Blunderbus—to kiss the wrong person.

Omnibus—to kiss everybody.

Erebus—to kiss in the dark.

Husband—I thought you were going to visit your mother.

Wife—And so I am.

Husband—Well, you had better get ready. The train leaves in 48 hours.

Lawyer—You say you left home on the 10th?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—And came back on the 25th?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Lawyer (severely)—What were you doing in the interim?

Witness—Never was in such a place.

Mama—Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?

Tommy—Yessum; I gave him the seeds; he can plant 'em and have a whole orchard.

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